THE *SCARBOROUGH* MISCELLANY:

For the YEAR 1734.

Being a COLLECTION of Original

POEMS, TALES, SONGS, EPIGRAMS, } LAMPOONS, SATIRES, *and* PANEGYRICKS,

Handed about, this Season, at

SCARBOROUGH.

With an Invitation to

Her Royal Highness Princess *AMELIA*.

If HILLS *like* HÆMUS *can Delight afford,*
And VALES *with Sweets like those of* TEMPE *stor'd;*
If SPRINGS *whose* FAME *like those of* BATH *allures*
Promiscuous Throngs, and boasts of GREATER CURES;
If Rural Scenes with courtly Converse join'd,
Divert the Sense, and entertain the Mind;
No Wonder then these NORTHERN SCENES *I chuse*——.

LONDON,

Printed for J. WILFORD, at the *Three Flower-de-Luces*, behind the *Chapter-House* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard.

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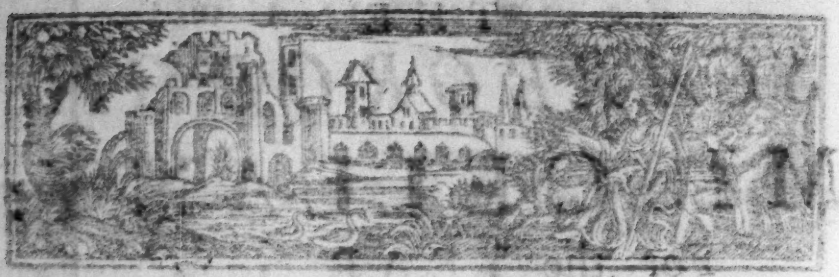

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE CONTENTS.

A *View of the Long Room.* PAGE 1
On Cibber's *Arrival at* Scarborough *to Drink the Waters* 9
An Invitation to her Royal Highneſs Princeſs Amelia. 11
Neptune's Court. 12
The Contraſt. By Mr. H———ll. 22
The Zone. To Miſs Ca———r. 19
Dalcia *and* Darcia, *an Epigram by the Poet Laureat.* 14
To Mr. Cibber *on the foregoing Epigram.* 15
On ſeeing Mrs. C——n *going in her Chariot to bathe in the Sea.* 16
To Miſs P—pp—r *at* Scarborough. 21
On the Ladies Bathing. 28
To Miſs Eger—n *Singing. By* Colley Cibber. 25
To a Lady, who tore a Leaf out of the Pariſh-Regiſter, to prevent her Age being known. 24
To Mrs. S———ll *on her arrival at* Scarborough *by Sea.* 26
Merulus *and* Merula. 31

To

The CONTENTS.

To Miſs Anne Stonehouſe *at* Scarborough. 29
A Letter to the Yorkſhire *Freeholders.* 32
Fanny *and* Tom. *An* Epigram. 30
The Sea-Adventure. A Tale. On L—d J—y *and his* D——ſs. 48
Studley-*Park. A Poem.* 43
To Sir Miles Stapylton, *on his being choſe Knight of the Shire. With Notes by* Scriblerus *and Dr.* B—y 38
To Miſs F. D—g, *who aſked, What is Love?* 54
Cupid, *a Tyrant found out.* 55
On a Flower which fell from Miſs D—rc—y's *Boſom.* 51
The Calf-Crib. A Tale. 57
Epigram. 64
An Epilogue, ſpoke by Miſs Copen, *at* Scarborough *Play-Houſe.* 55
On reading in the News Papers that ſeveral Perſons now living and in Health, died at Scarborough *this Seaſon.* 64
To Miſs F—— D—lſt—n. 62
Hor. Ode xxx. *Lib.* 1. 63
To Florelia, *upon ſeeing her in a riding Habit.* 65
Upon ſeeing Miſs B——, *in the ſame Habit.* 66
Verſes wrote with a Pencil, and ſent to Lady *** *while ſhe was bathing at* Bath. 67

ERRATA.

In Page 13. *And Cupid pleas'd,* &c. This Couplet ſhould be inſerted before the laſt.

THE

THE *SCARBOROUGH* MISCELLANY:

For the YEAR 1734.

A View of the LONG-ROOM. *By Mr.* C---

IF Hills like *Hæmus* can delight afford,
And Vales with Sweets, like those of *Tempe* stor'd;
If Springs whose Fame like those of *Bath* allures
Promiscuous Throngs, and boast of greater Cures,

If rural Scenes with courtly Converſe join'd,
Divert the Senſe, and entertain the Mind:
No wonder then theſe Northern Scenes I chuſe,
Where both with ſweet Variety amuſe.

When the cool Morn invites the ſhining Train,
To traverſe o'er the Sands that verge the Main,
What courtly Numbers to my View appear?
St. James's lovely Mall ſeems preſent here.
When Night to *Vipont*'s the Aſſembly calls,
Engag'd in Play, or lur'd to ſtately Balls,
Where num'rous Lights their Radiance dart around,
And Muſick yields her elevating Sound,
While the ſoft Song, and artful Dance, conſpire
To ſooth the Soul, and raiſe an amorous Fire;
Forgetful that I gaze in *Vipont*'s Hall,
My muſing Thoughts preſent a Birth-Day Ball.
Nor only fancy——Stars and Garters ſhine,
And Laureat *Cibber*, here invokes *the Nine*,
Deign, matchleſs Bard! to *lend an Ear or twain*,
Nor ſlight the Council of my friendly Strain:
No more, *Dear Colley*, with thy Birth-Day Lays,
Profane the ſacred Name, thou mean'ſt to Praiſe,

But

But Themes more ſuited to thy Genius chuſe,
And on the Windows exerciſe thy Muſe.

But whilſt I thus of *Courts* and *Laureats* dream,
You'll juſtly urge——I wander from my Theme:
You'll ſay, —— why don't I blooming Beauties trace,
And paint the Charms of ev'ry female Face,
But 'twere an endleſs Taſk, and eaſier far,
To note and number every heavenly Star,
And as among that great *empyreal* Train,
Some gleam more brightly o'er the Ætherial Plain.
So in the Conſtellations here beheld,
Some firſt-rate Stars diviner Influence yield.

Who can on *M---et---n* unraptur'd gaze?
Who guard againſt her Beauty's piercing Rays?
Or with indifference lovely *C——r* eye?
Or not be charm'd when *W—l—n* is nigh?
Whoſe eaſy Converſe willing Captives draws,
Whilſt *D----l----n* gains from liberal Arts Applauſe.

Thy Wit, fair *B——e* ---- thy Beauty, --- ſhall
inſpire,
Some Muſe like *Waller*'s with an amorous Fire,
In Speech---- Addreſs---- with unaffected Eaſe,
You ſet a Pattern --- and in all you pleaſe.

Not ſo, when *Tom-Boy-Flavia* I ſurvey
Dreſt like ſome vain Sir *Fopling* of the Play.
The Peruke, Beaver, —— the pert manly Mien,
Raiſe my Diſguſt, provoke my very Spleen,
Were ſhe as *Venus* Fair, as *Pallas* Wiſe,
I'd loath her in that maſculine Diſguiſe;
'Twere an *Italian* Taſte t'indulge Deſire,
No,---Let the Fools ſhe imitates admire.

Clariſſa's Faults my Satyr too excite,
Starch'd, awkard Creature, of gigantick Height,
Affected Piece----unlovely, undeſir'd,
By none but her own vain ſelf admir'd,
Had ſhe but *E---gel---d*'s fair Form and Face,
Could learn her Eaſe, or Dance with half her
Grace,

The Muſe that now muſt cenſure ſhould approve,
And my ſoft Numbers vow eternal Love.

Chloris uncomely, yet of Wealth ſecure,
Draws num'rous Lovers with her ſhining Lure,
Which charms, tho' ſhe's of uninviting Mold—
Who'd, tho' the Purſe is mean, refuſe the Gold?

Triton, his Deafneſs epidemic deems,
His Voice like Peals of burſting Thunder ſeems,
Like bellowing *Stentor* fam'd for brazen Lungs,
Or VIRGIL's *Rumor* with her hundred Tongues.

Who *Rev'rend Sinecure*, without Contempt, can name,
Lay Clerk---his venerable Orders ſhame;
Who ſees his Flock of Tithe-Wool duly fleec'd,
Then leaves them to the Wolf ---- *what cares the Prieſt*,

Cornus, who now reform'd and wiſer grown,
For calm Retirement leaves the vicious Town,
Condemns the Follies he approv'd of late,
And lives the Envy of the married State.

Dalcia

Dalcia and *Darcia* here might grace my Lines,
But *Colley* theſe to laſting Fame conſigns,
Their Names engrav'd on the tranſparent Glaſs,
Proclaim how theſe in graceful Airs ſurpaſs;
Or ſhould by dire Miſchance, or envious Stroke,
The brittle Window be to Shivers broke,
Yet (fam'd *Sylvanus!*) the recording Lays,
You treaſure, ſhall immortalize their Praiſe.

Shall *S*----- paſs unſung? in youthful Pride,
A beautiful, belov'd, yet drooping Bride,
Anxious to ſee the Fruit of Nuptial Joy,
A beauteous Daughter, or a lovely Boy?
E'er long, bright Fair, thy Sighs ſhall ceaſe to heave,
The ſure prolific Spring thy Wiſh ſhall give:
The Joys *St. Quintin* * knew ſhall ſoon be thine,
And the glad Parents in their Offspring ſhine.

Thee charming *E---rt--n*, my Muſe commends,
On whoſe ſoft Voice each raptur'd Ear attends,
Not *Philomel*, nor all the warbling Throng,
Can match the melting Sweetneſs of thy Song,
Might I indulg'd but liſten to thy Strain,
Fauſtina ſhould attempt to pleaſe, in vain.

* *See* Scarborough *Miſcellany, for* 1733.

With

With equal Skill her Siſter leads the Dance,
And far excells th' applauded Art of *France*,
Her Motion, Limbs and Mien, at ev'ry View,
New Charms diſcover, and new Hearts ſubdue.

See lovely *Sapho* in her bloom of Life,
To teſty Age betroth'd, ---- a pitied Wife,
Tho' prudent, chaſte---her Spouſe her Virtue fears,
And dreads the Doom of Impotence and Years.

How happy *J----y* in the wedded Fair
Of equal Years, a fond endearing Pair,
By Choice the noble Lovers *Hymen* join'd,
A Pattern for the Nuptial State deſign'd.

Whilſt *Scarborough* boaſts of Names admir'd like
theſe,
Her ſweet Retirements will for ever pleaſe,
Without Regret I leave the Town and Court,
For Shades, where the Polite and Gay reſort.

Think not that ſofter Joys alone delight,—
Here Senators harangue, and Sages write,
Whilſt raptur'd I attend the Patriot's Themes,
The *Long-Room* like *St. Stephen's Chappel* ſeems.

Here, *W---t---y* Zealous in his Country's Cauſe,
There, florid *Walſingham* the Audience draws.

Shall I of *Scarborough* ſing, and not proclaim,
Aſſiduous *R---n*, thy ſignal Fame,
Whoſe Thoughts exerted, with becoming Zeal
Contrive new Projects for the publick Weal.

'Twere endleſs to recount the Names of Worth,
Fam'd *Shaw*---the *Æſculapius* of the *North*,
Whom *Mead* for prov'd Ability commends,
Whilſt freſh Succeſs his growing Praiſe attends.

Like *Selden*, *D - - ke* explores with painful Toil,
The fam'd Antiquities of *Ebor*'s Soil,
Churches and Tombs, and venerable Urns
And the deep Earth for antique Pavements turns,
Nor are the Muſe's Strains to him unknown,
How ſoft the Lines his breathleſs Spouſe bemoan.
May a like pleaſing Wife, ſoon bleſs his Bed,
Who ſings ſuch doleful Dirges o'er the Dead.
What *G——n* ſhall the Muſe recite of thee,
The Lawyer's Fortune's LOVE IN A HOLLOW TREE.
* * * * * *Cætera deſunt.*

On the Poet Laureat's *(C——r) Arrival at* SCARBOROUGH *to drink the Waters.*

By Mr. P——s.

FROM *Helicon* the Bards of old have ſung,
That firſt the tuneful Train of *Poets* ſprung;
That from that *Well* they drank *capacious* Bowls,
Full as their *Fancy*, *large* as were their *Souls*;
That thence, in *Epic* or in ſoaring *Odes*,
Inſpir'd, they *trod on Stars*, and *talk'd with Gods*:
—Knowing how *poor* their *Liquor*, and how *ſmall*,
We think it is *Poetic Fiction* all.

But when the *laurell'd Bard* of *Britain*'s King
Year after Year, reviſits *Scarborough*'s Spring;
Drinks deep his Draught, and purges well his Brains,
And from inſpiring *Water* tunes his Strains;
When hence his *Odes* in Flights ſublimely *ſoar*,
Such Odes!—as *Poet* never wrote before;—

Thy happier Water, *Scarb'rough*, we admire,
Which can our *Laureat* with ſuch Strains inſpire;
And bid the *fabling Bards* no more to tell
Of *Helicon* or *Aganippe*'s Well:
Mad, they a *fancy'd Inſpiration* knew,
But all own *Colley*'s Inſpiration *true*,
For he his own *Outdoings* can *outdo*.
His *ſecond* Birth-day Ode the *firſt* ſurpaſt,
And his *next* Ode ſhall ſtill *outdo* his *laſt*.

Then, O ye mad romantic *Poets*, own,
That *Scarborough* excels your *Helicon*;
Of which tho' *Homer* drank, he ſometimes *nods*,
And ſlumbers uninſpir'd among his *Gods*,
But *C--bb--r* juſtly can this *Honour* claim,
That *he* through *ev'ry Ode* is all *the ſame*.

An Invitation to her Royal Highneſs Princeſs AMELIA. *By Mr.* D—s.

SCARB'ROUGH's fair Town like *Latian Baiæ* * ſeems,
Her Cliffs, her Bay, her medicinal Streams,
Her gay Reſort of an illuſtrious Throng,
Reſemble *Baiæ* fam'd in Claſſick Song:

* The following Note which happen'd to be omitted in the *Starborough* Miſcellany for 1733 pag. 18. we ſhall inſert here.

Baiæ was a City of *Campania* in *Italy* cloſe by the Sea, where the *Roman* Citizens had their Palaces and Bagnios, and reſorted in great Numbers for the Sake of its medicinal Springs, fine Baths, agreeable Situation, and pleaſant Buildings, which not only extended along the Shore, but poſſeſs'd the Tops and Sides of the adjoining Cliffs and Hills. A Place ſo endow'd by Nature and adorn'd by Art, that the Lyric Poet thus ſings of it.

Nullus in orbe locus Baiis *prælucet amœnis.*

View all the Scenes the World around,
There's none like *Baiæ* can be found.

Nay it was ſung by all the *Roman* Poets—*Martial* having mention'd it ſeveral Times, at laſt ſays of it,

Litus beatæ Veneris aureum Baias,
Baias *ſuperbæ blanda dona naturæ,*
Ut mille laudem, Flacce, *verſibus* Baias,
Laudabo digne non ſatis tamen Baias.

In this the *Roman Baiæ* ours excells,
Imperial Beauties drinking at her Wells.

And wou'd AMELIA deign, lov'd Royal Fair,
To viſit *Scarb'rough*'s Springs, and breath its Air,
The Luſtre borrow'd from her greater Name,
Wou'd *Scarb'rough* raiſe above old *Baiæ*'s Fame.

Baiæ, bleſt *Venus*' golden Shore:
Baiæ, proud Nature's richeſt Store,
Sing *Baiæ* in a thouſand Lays,
You'll ſtill fall ſhort of *Baiæ*'s Praiſe.

Mr. *Sandys* tells us in his Travels, That the Pavements of its Streets and Traces of its Foundations were to be ſeen under Water in his Time, and Mr. *Wright* ſays, Its delicious Situation remains to this Day; and its Port is ſtill commodious for Shipping.

NEPTUNE'S *Court*. *By Mr.* J----N.

FOrſake awhile, my Muſe, thy lov'd Abodes,
The verdant Fields forſake and ſhady Woods;
Forget awhile *Verbeia*'s rapid Stream,
Let ever matchleſs Beauty be thy Theme.

Ceru-

Cerulean *Neptune* calls thee to his Court
Where Gods and Men promiſcuouſly reſort,
There thou wilt ſingle STONEHOUSE from the Throng *
STONEHOUSE! for ever worthy of thy Song.
Struck with the pleaſing Luſtre of her Eye,
Almighty *Jove* lays his dread Thunder by;
Juno, without or Jealouſy or Pride,
Obſequious pays Attendance at her Side;
Venus abaſh'd to find *her* ſole Compeer,
Th' enchanting Girdle will no longer wear,
And *Cupid*, pleas'd to make *her* Altars ſmoke
His never failing Darts and Bow has broke.
Phœbus complains he overlong has mourn'd
His deareſt *Daphne* to a Laurel-turn'd;
Diana, follow'd by her Virgin Train
The Sight of Men no longer does refrain,
Convinc'd her Chaſtity ſhe may retain.
Mars diſobedient to the Call of Arms,
Throws down his Target, raviſh'd at her Charms;
Bacchus forgets, o'ercome with new Delight,
Th' intoxicating Pleaſures of the Night;

* Alluding to the Ladies bathing in the Sea.

Maja's

Maja's wing'd Son, from *Jove*'s Love-Errands free
Enjoys with *Jove* an equal Liberty.

Apply to her, if covetous of Fame,
She'll make thy Verſe immortal as her Name.

Wrote on a Window in the Long-Room *at* SCARBOROUGH. *By the* Poet-Laureat.

DALCIA * and DARCIA †, when in Dance they move,
You aſk me, Madam, which I moſt approve?
The Lively *this*, the Graceful *that* exerts,
The weakeſt ſtrong enough to ſeize our Hearts.
Themſelves, like Friends, their *rival Talents* ſee;
And both to yield the Preference agree.
In Taſte we're guided, not by Truth, but ſince
Compariſon's too apt to give Offence,
'Tis hardly ſafe to ſplit the Difference.

* Miſs *F.* D——— † Miſs D——Y.

Yet

Yet Truth may ſay, and 'tis a Wrong to neither,
We're *beſt delighted* when they're *both together*.

Wrote underneath by another Hand. (*Mr.* D---KE.)

" How happy cou'd I be with either,
" Were t'other dear Charmer away;
Thus, rightly, 'twas expreſs'd by honeſt GAY.
But CIBBER loth ſuch beauteous Forms to ſever,
Has wiſely choſe to ſtitch them both together.

To the Poet-Laureat *on the foregoing* EPIGRAM.

I.

WHEN DALCIA's Praiſe and DARCIA's you rehearſe,
The limping fair ones hobble in thy Verſe,
The LIVELY *this*, nor *that the* GRACEFUL ſhines,
No *Life*, no *Grace*, is ſhadow'd by ſuch Lines.

II.

II.

Thy crazy Muſe, unfit for Praiſe or Satire
Nor Sack to Strength reſtores, nor *Scarb'ro* Water;
There, as in Town, in Rimetagg'd Proſe call'd Song,
Thy Vein of muddy Fancy creeps along.

III.

Be not ſo laviſh of diſcordant Rhime,
Nor claim our Scorn before the proper Time;
To Dulneſs and Contempt thy Title clear,
By Odes ſtands well aſſerted twice a Year.

On ſeeing Mrs. C---n *going in her Chariot to bathe in the Sea.* A RHAPSODY.

I.

CHLOE, as well as *Phaeton*,
Rides in the *Chariot* of the *Sun*;
But tho' ſhe fires the World—you ſee
She 'ſcapes—by *merging* in the Sea.

II.

Jove ſeem'd deſirous to prevent
The melancholy Accident,
Yet thought it fit, the World ſhou'd fire
Rather than *Chloe* ſhould expire.

III.

What's all the *World* to me—ſays He,
If fair and lovely *Chloe* dies,
He, therefore, dooms the *World* to be,
A reaſonable Sacrifice.

IV.

Tho' all the *World* blame *Jove* for this,
Yet cannot I; for I profeſs
I ſhou'd have done the very ſame,
Had I been *Jove*; I only blame
Her, who to ſave herſelf could try,
When ſhe's the Cauſe why all Men die.

V.

But why blame her, I'd fain know that?
If ſhe had dy'd, I'll tell you what?

You'd ſeen Mankind themſelves bemoan
More for her Sake, than for *their own*;
Thus *Chloe*, thought and wou'd not be
A *Goddeſs*, out of *Curteſy*.

VI.

Give me but her, whom I adore
My *Chloe*, and I aſk no more.
Jove, in his Heavens ſhould by me
Nor *importun'd*, nor *envy'd* be,
If *Chloe*'s Goodneſs wou'd prefer
To him—*her humble Servitor*.

VII.

For why ſhou'd I regard great *Jove*,
If I'm the Object of her Love,
Being fully ſatisfy'd that he,
Regards the Welfare of *Chloè*,
And that it is wrapt up—*in me*.

VIII.

This then ſhould be my only Wiſh,
Long to deſerve, long to poſſeſs
So exquiſite a Happineſs.

The ZONE. *To Miſs* CA----R.

I.

N Slumber ſweet as *Venus* lay
Within a fragrant Myrtle Grove;
Where Odour-breathing Zephyrs play,
There wily *Cupid* chanc'd to rove.

II.

Surpriz'd, he ſees the Goddeſs there
Alone, and calmly lull'd to Reſt,
With looſen'd *Zone*, and golden Hair,
Soft-waving o'er her ſnowy Breaſt.

III.

This Love-creating *Zone*, he cries,
Shall now diviner *Ca*——*r* grace,
Shall give new Luſtre to her Eyes,
And ſpread new Beauty oe'r her Face.

IV.

The Girdle ſeiz'd, and *Cupid* flown,
From Sleep aroſe the Queen of Love,
She miſs'd her Beauty-giving *Zone*,
And ſought it anxious, thro' the Grove.

V.

This Loſs will all my Charms deſtroy,
She cries, and Oh I fear——my Son
To give ſome fav'rite female Joy,
Hath all his Parent's Power undone.

VI.

To ſearch him out, ſhe ſpeeds away
From Place to Place with eager Haſte,
And ſpies him, full of Mirth and Play
At beauteous *Car—r*'s Toilet plac'd.

VII.

The Fair, ſuch Charms poſſeſs'd before
As ne'er in mortal Form were ſeen,
The Girdle adds a thouſand more,
By which ſhe rivals Beauty's Queen.

VIII.

In *Car—r's* Face ſuch Graces ſmil'd
The Goddeſs looks away her Rage,
I'm pleas'd, ſhe cries, ſince thus beguil'd,
To ſhew Perfection to the Age.

To Miſs P--PP--R *at* Scarborough.

P--PP--R! you coldeſt Hearts can warm,
The ſtrongeſt Arms ſubdue;
For *Armſt---ng* ſwears there is no Harm
In Wedlock——link'd with you.

T. D.

The

The CONTRAST. *By Mr.* H--LL.

IS ſtrange ill Uſage ſhou'd create,
In Spight of Fortune, and of Fate,
Within our Breaſts ſo bright a Flame
That no Advice can quench or tame;
While Kindneſs we by Nature ſlight,
Thus we nor give nor take Delight.

Oh *H——n!* thy Beauty long
Has been the Subject of my Song;
But all my Vows, and all my Sighs
Unpitied and neglected riſe.
Thy dear Idea ſtands confeſt
The cruel Inmate of my Breaſt,
The Sun to me gives Light in vain,
And Darkneſs but improves my Pain.
What Objects can delight by Day
When charming *H*—'s away?
In Sleep, what Satisfaction take,
When I'm more wretched than awake?

Her

Her Softneſs armed there I view,
With Beauty, but Reſentment too;
In Dancing now no Pleaſure find,
E'en Muſick can't relax the Mind.
Strange! thus Alternatives ſhou'd prove
Thy Power the more, the more my Love.

Lavinia me purſues, but I
Her hated Form, like Serpents fly;
Her Eyes no ſparkling Glances grace,
No Roſes bloſſom on her Face;
But yet how artful is her Pride,
To help what Nature has deny'd;
" Beauty, ſhe cries, ſoon to your Coſt
" Will fade, and you lament it loſt.
" Then ſure what never did exiſt,
" Can't with Regret be ever miſt;
" Therefore how much more wiſe to love
" Thoſe Charms which Time it ſelf can't move.

My little tyrannizing Fair
Seems pleas'd with nought but my Deſpair;
But fond *Lavinia* ſtudies how,
With awkward Smiles t'unbend my Brow;

And

And when an inbred Sigh appears,
Her furrow'd Cheeks are wet with Tears.

II.

Ye Powers! how happy ſhou'd I be
Were blooming fifteen fifty three;
Pleas'd with Deformity I'd ſcorn
Thoſe Charms for which I did—*not burn*,
Or rather cou'd old Age aſſume
Oh *H—n*! thy youthful Bloom,
With Raptures to her Arms I'd flee,
And love Deformity—*in thee*.

On a Lady, who to prevent her being prov'd to be above Five and Twenty (on which a Wager depended,) tore a Leaf out of the PARISH-REGISTER. *By Mr.* FR——H.

I.

MADAM, in vain the Regiſter you raze,
Since ſtill you keep that monumental Face;

For that, without a Regiſter, will ſhow
Full fifty Winters Gloom upon your Brow.

II.

Thus when I ſee ſome Gothic Building riſe
Where a rough ancient Grandeur fills my Eyes,
I'll judge from th' Age which in its Front appears,
And ſwear point blank it's ſtood a thouſand Years.

To Miſs EGER——N *ſinging in the* Long-Room. *By* C----Y C----R.

TOO much, *Sybilla*, we endure,
While you with double Forces arm'd,
With your enchanting Voice ſecure
The hopeleſs Heart your Eyes have warm'd.

To Mrs. S---LL *on her Arrival at* SCARBOROUGH *by Sea, after a pleaſant Voyage.*

Venus orta Mari, Mare præſtat Eunti.

WHEN from the Ocean, Love's bright Goddeſs roſe,
Who on the World its higheſt Bliſs beſtows;
Within their Caverns *Æolus* retain'd
Th' outrageous Winds, and their rough Blaſts reſtrain'd,
Neptune, his trident ſhaking, orders gave,
On which, at once, ſubſided every Wave;
Their winding Conchs the *Tritons* ſtrove to ſound,
And *Syrens* warbled charming Notes around;
Thus boundleſs Joy crown'd all the watry Plains,
While *Nereids* danc'd to the delightful Strains.

Beauty

Beauty, ſince this, has been her frequent Care,
And, tho' unſeen, ſhe ſtill protects the Fair.
No wonder then that ſuch auſpicious Gales
In your late Voyage fill'd the ſpreading Sails,
Or that the Surges did leſs fiercely roar
Till you were ſafe arriv'd on *Scarbro*'s Shore:
Where, with a cheerful Aſpect, ev'ry Swain,
Proclaims his Gladneſs and allows your Reign:
All wiſh'd and pray'd, you might eſcape that Fate
Which frequently attends the Brave and Great,
Who, after Vict'ries gain'd aud Dangers paſt,
In unrelenting Billows breathe their laſt.

Our Pray'rs were heard, and you, O lovely Fair,
Can raiſe our Hopes, or ſink us in Deſpair;
Yet tho' we own, and ſuch your Pow'r you know,
Let not *our Ruin* from *your Safety* flow.

On the LADIES *bathing in the Sea, at* SCARBOROUGH. *By Mr.* PH——PS.

HAT from the *Sea*, the Bards of old have ſung,
Venus the Queen of *Love* and *Beauty* ſprung,
That on its curling Waves the am'rous Tide,
Safe wafted her to Shore in all its Pride;
Soft Pleaſure revel'd thro' the *Cyprian Grove*,
And gladden'd Nature hail'd the *Queen* of *Love*:
Knowing it *falſe*, charm'd with the pleaſing Tale,
We praiſe the *Fiction* being told ſo well;
But when on *Scarb'rough*'s Sands the *Britiſh* Fair,
Safe in the *Flood* the curling Surges dare;
When *here* ſo *many Queens of Love* we ſee
Bathe in the *Waves*, and *wanton* in the *Sea*,
We juſtly, *Scarb'rough*, bleſs thy *happier* Shore,
And bid the *fabling Poets* lye no more;
In *Madneſs* they their *fancy'd Venus* drew,
Of *theſe* we feel the Power, and know it *true*.

No

No more then, *Poets*, in *romantick* Strain,
ONE, *Venus* call, when here so MANY reign;
No more invoke her from her *Cyprian Grove*,
But henceforth *Scarb'rough* be the *Seat* of *Love*.

To Miss ANNE STONEHOUSE *at* SCARBOROUGH.

YOUTH, Beauty, Virtue, all conspire
To set my am'rous Soul on Fire;
Youth which in STONEHOUSE we behold,
Beauty, which never shall grow old;
Virtue, the Ornament of both,
Virtue, the safest Guard of Truth.
Let others by coquetting try
To gain the fond admiring Eye,
While you, without Disguise or Art,
Securely triumph o'er the Heart.
Soon may the End of all your Conquests prove
A happy Union, where you deign to love.

An EPIGRAM.

I.

FANNY with *Tom* went out one Day
(Prudes think, not in an honeſt Way)
How vain their Fears! for *Tom* had got
Materials fit to tie the Knot;
But e'er the Parſon does begin,
Enter *Papa*—— and ſpoils the Scene;

II.

Miſs carry'd home reluctant bears
Belinda's Taunts and *Silvia*'s Jeers;
(Unconſcious that themſelves were ſeen
With *Ralph* the Gard'ner on the Green)
Her Motions watch'd, where'r ſhe bends,
A rigid *Governante* attends.

III.

At length a Huſband is procur'd
And *Fanny*'s Jointure well ſecur'd;

Papa is pleas'd, poor Miſs conſents,
And dar'n't refuſe tho' Heart relents;
The Charm for Life begins, the Pair
Alternate at each other ſtare.
If here a happy Couple's found
It's certain Proof, the World's turn'd round.

MERULUS & MERULA.

THrice happy MERULUS and his Wife
The Honour of the married Life;
He's always feeling of her Bubby,
She tickles, in Return, his Toby;
They ſhew ſuch Fondneſs in the Light,
I fear, there's Nothing done at Night.

The following Letter was diſpers'd about Yorkſhire, *juſt before the County Election came on: The Deſign of it was to prevent the Union of the two Parties, diſtinguiſh'd by the Title of* TORIES *and* COUNTRY INTEREST, *however, immediately upon its being diſpers'd, it was turn'd into Burleſque Verſe; we therefore thought it the beſt Way to print the Letter and the Verſification of it in oppoſite Columns.*

Juxta ſe poſita magis eluceſcunt.

GENTLEMEN,

IT being too much to be apprehended, that the *Proteſtant Succeſſion*, the Foundation of all our Civil and Religious Rights and Privileges, is artfully and ſecretly attempted to be undermined, under the Cloak and Colour of a *Country Intereſt*; it is the Duty and Concern of every *good Proteſtant* and *true-hearted Freeholder* to be upon his Guard.

THE

THE LETTER TO THE *Yorkſhire* Freeholders VERSIFY'D.

GENTLEMEN,

IT being much to be apprehended
That it is traiterouſly intended
To ſap the *Proteſtant Succeſſion*,
And eke the *Proteſtant Profeſſion*;
And under Colour of a Cloke
Call'd COUNTRY INT'REST, all a Joke,
With dire Deſign and black Intent
To *blow up* KING and PARLIAMENT;
It behoves each Freeholder to join,
And guard againſt that vile Deſign.

The vileſt and moſt wicked Diſſenſions, in all Countries, and in all Ages, have been fomented by Cant Words, deceitful Phraſes and plauſible Pretences.

The Cry of the COUNTRY INTEREST ſeems to be one of theſe fallacious Artifices, invented and propagated with a Deſign to flatter my Country Men, at their own as well as at their Sovereign's Expence, while they diſunite the KING and the COUNTRY, neither of which are ever happy, but when united. Are not the Intereſts of theſe two in our Conſtitution ſo ſtrictly cemented together, that neither of them can be truly ſerv'd and ſupported ſeparately? KING and COUNTRY are both of them very amiable Words; but they ſound the moſt agreeably, when join'd together, to a true Patriot's Ear: Their Harmony is loſt, when they are divided from, much more when oppos'd to, each other. A human Body without a Head, affords a very maim'd and deform'd Figure; ſuch another would our Body Politick be found, if depriv'd of its Crown.

Can

Cant Words and eke deceitful Phraſes,
Your Intellects lead into Mazes;
And are but plauſible Pretences
To rob you of your very Senſes.

The COUNTRY INTEREST is their Cry,
Believe me, 'tis a groundleſs Lie,
In th' Int'reſt they have moſt at Heart,
Nor KING, nor COUNTRY has a Part:
And I aver on Faith and Troth
It tends to diſ-unite them both.
Does not our Conſtitution tell us
That KING and COUNTRY are ſuch Fellows,
That, being ſtrictly ty'd together,
No Man can find out which is either?
COUNTRY and KING are ſounding Words,
And when theſe *Two make One*, affords
Delightful Muſick to the Ear
Of each true Commoner and Peer;
Part 'em—they then oppoſe each other
And ſoon begin a mighty Pother:
The Body, which has loſt its Head,
Is maim'd and much disfigured:
So Body Politick, we own,
Looks full as ill without a Crown.

May a ſincere Love of our happy Conſtitution in Church and State, be the Rule and Guide of our Conduct, in regard to the preſent CANDIDATES; and may every Voter act from that honeſt Principle, as he will anſwer it to his Conſcience, his King and his Country,

Your hearty Well-wiſher,

And Brother Freeholder,

April 23, 1734.

THO. YORKSHIRE.

May a true Love to Church and State
Conduct and Guide you in this Strait,
To ſet aſide THE CANDIDATE *.
And may each Voter ſtand as tight,
As I ſhall in my Country's Right,
Who am your Servant,

YORKSHIRE BITE.

April 23, 1734.

* Sir *Miles Stapylton*.

To

TO

Sir Miles Stapylton, *Bar^t.*

On his being choſe KNIGHT *of the* SHIRE *for* YORK.

A

POEM.

Firſt Printed in Gent. Magazine *for June* 1734.

The ſecond Edition with Notes and Obſervations by the Learned Scriblerus, *and Dr.* B——y

[a] T length the Conteſts ceaſe, the Courts are clear,
Doubt is no more, and Joy ſucceeds to Care.

This incomparable Poem is a *Perfect Original*; a Species of Poetry never known to *Ariſtotle* or any of the Ancients; but a pure, modern, hiſtorical, epiſtolary, congratulatory, heroic, Sibylline Ode. And Dr. *B——y* ſays, that with a good Pair of critical Spectacles, one may diſcover *ſharp Satyr* couched under every Line.

[a] The Author ready to burſt with poetic Fury, and hot from the terrible Conteſt, impatient of Regularity begins with beautiful Abruptneſs---

Succeſs

Succeſs is yours, and [b] Gratitude inclines
To pay her Tribute, where ſuch Merit ſhines.

At length the Conteſts ceaſe! the Courts are clear,
Doubt is no more, and Joy ſucceeds to Care.
Succeſs is Yours———————.

Here Dr. *B*——y aſks, What Conteſt was this? What Succeſs? The Author ſhould tell us, that we might rejoyce with him. But alaſs! Theſe Criticks are ſuch regular Blockheads——. Who would expect Senſe from a Man raving with Joy and Rhyme, and full of Poetick Fire?

This Author ſoars above the Pitch of vulgar Minds, and ſcorns the narrow Bounds of Senſe.

His Exordium is greater far than either *Milton's*, *Virgil's*, or *Homer's*, and almoſt equal to Lord *Dorſet's* Poem on the Battle of the Butcher's Dog,

" At length the Streets are clear, the Mob is gone,
" And my Dog *Tray* has won the roaſt Meat Bone.

In ſhort it muſt be confeſt the *Exordium* is very fine, if the *Beauty* of the firſt Lines be not ſpoil'd by a *Scrutiny* that's talk'd of. And ſome very ill-natur'd People affirm, That the Houſe of Commons will call in Queſtion both the *Bards Truth*, and the *Baronets Succeſs*.

[b] ———————————Gratitude inclines
To pay her Tribute, where *ſuch* Merit ſhines.

Here is a Pattern of that excellent Virtue, Gratitude, ſhown without any Benefits received or expreſſed; which is very refined. A Critic indeed wou'd be aſking, What is this Gratitude for? Nothing appears in the Poem———————Blind Fools! don't you ſee, The Gentleman has———————*ſuch Merit!*———————*ſuch* Merit? Theſe Criticks are ſuch troubleſome Fellows.———————What Nonſenſe 'tis to expect a Man ſhould always write Senſe amidſt Poetic Raptures? Why, in plain *his Merits* are———————but 'tis as great ill Manners to praiſe a Man to his Face, as ſpeak ill of him behind his Back.

Virtue

Virtue like Yours, contemns th' [c] oppoſing Stock
Of Venal Courtiers, and the [d] ſable Flock;
For you the bold * [e] *Brigantes* bravely ſtood
True to the Glories of their ancient Blood:
By Threats unmov'd, Regardleſs of the Bait
Of ſordid Bribes: Corruptions of the State;

c ——————————oppoſing Shock
Very Poetic indeed!

d ——————————Sable Flock

This black Crew are a Parcel of ſad Dogs, that is the Truth on't, to leave Sir *M.* in the Lurch. But they have convinc'd Mankind that *good Senſe and Loyalty* are not always inconſiſtent with *Religion* and the *Prieſthood*.

* The ancient People of *Yorkſhire*.

e Bold *Brigantes*——————How Grand this ſounds——————How fit for Epic Poetry? An Inſtance of the Poet's great Skill in Language. How flat would *Bold*——————*Yorkſhire-Men* have ſounded?

Indeed Dr. *B*——*y* was very angry when he read——————Bold *Brigantes*——————What, ſays he, does the Man mean to abuſe my Countrymen? does he know what *Brigantes* is? Let him learn that according to *Strabo* it ſignifies Robbers, Plunderers, People of a reſtleſs intruding Temper. And was a Name given 2000 Years ſince to the then Inhabitants of *Yorkſhire, Biſhoprick of Durham, Lancaſhire, Weſtmoreland and Cumberland:* Hence we ſay of a turbulent rude Man, *Brigantem agit*, i. e. he plays the *Brigand*. And the *French* call ſuch a Fellow *Brigand*. And *Tacitus* gives the Surname of *Briganticus* to a *deſperate bold Fellow, who deſpiſed all Power, Authority and Virtue*, ſuch as the *Dragon of Wantley*.——Theſe were the Bold *Brigantes* and for this intruding Temper did *Antoninus Pius* drive them from their Poſſeſſions according to the *Greek* of *Pauſanias*. Ἀπετεμνετο δ' Ἀντωνῖνος ὁ εὐσεβὴς καὶ τῶν ἐν Βριτανίᾳ Βριγάντων τὴν πόλιν, ὅτι ἐπεσβάνειν καὶ ἤτοι σὺν τοῖς ὅπλοις ἤξαν τινὰ Γερμανίαν μοῖραν ὑπηκόους Ῥωμαίων. Who

To

To Liberty, bright Goddeſs, firmly Juſt,
In you they place their delegated Truſt:
[f] So *Rome*, untainted, her great Conſuls choſe,
Her *Cato* thus, and thus her *Scipio's* roſe.
Indulgent Heav'n, to you compleatly kind,
Gives Elocution, with the nobleſt Mind:
To ſhine in Senates, manage the Debate,
And with your Counſels [g] prop the tott'ring State.

i e. who ſay of them, that *Antoninus Pius* deprived the *Brigantes* in *Britain* of much of their Lands becauſe they rob.. d the *Genounians* who were under the *Roman* Juriſdiction ——— Are theſe the bold *Brigantes?* ———

And this the Glory of their Ancient Blood?

A very great Credit to a modern *Yorkſhire* Tory truly——— thus the angry learned *B*———*y* ——— But the Devil take his critical Head, what a ſtir does he make with his *Strabo* and his *Pauſanias?* Why the Poet knew all this as well as he, but had a Mind to ſhow his Talent at Satyr in Maſquerade.

[f] So *Rome* untainted, her great Conſuls choſe,
Her *Cato's* thus, and thus her *Scipio's* roſe.

This I cannot bear. It muſt be a falſe Print. This excellent Poet would never ſay ſuch a Thing———*Cato* was the *Walpole* of the *Romans*, and *Scipio* was their Duke of *Malborough*; and who the Devil can believe that they were ever choſen by a *Tory* Mob, or a Dragon of *Wantley?* no, no, no, 'tis all a jeſt.

[g] ——————————Prop the tott'ring State.

The *weakeſt Stick* may in Time become a *Timber* fit for a Prop, but in the mean time *another* may do as well. I remember an *Iriſh* Gentleman who had drawn a Deſign for a grand Building ſupported by the I-

[h] In happier Times exert a Patriot's care,
Wrongs to redreſs, and Loſſes to repair:
[i] When *Britain* calls, and Honour points the Way,
With Joy you'll follow, and with Pride obey;
Surpaſs your own great Anceſtors in Fame,
And wear the * Stars familiar to your Name.

* Sir *Miles* and Sir *Bryan Stapylton*, Anceſtors to the preſent Baronets, were Knights of the Garter, the former at the firſt Inſtitution of the Order.

mages of *little naked Children* inſtead of *Cariatides*; which an Architect finding fault with, the Gentleman reply'd, Whilſt the Building was new and firm it wanted but *ſmall ſupport* and the *little Cupids* were *pretty Ornaments*, but by that Time the Superſtructure became old and crazy they would be grown up to Manly Strength, and

——————————Prop the tott'ring State.

[h] In happier Times exert a Patriot's Care,
Wrongs to Redreſs and Loſſes to repair.

What! Wrongs and Loſſes in happier Times! Sir *Teague?*

[i] The laſt four Lines are Prophetick and worthy of the eldeſt Sibyl. The Author has the Gift of ſecond Sight.

Frank Dactyl, has wrote a Parody on the foregoing Poem, the Fate of all grand Deſigns, for *Homer* has been Burleſqu'd, and *Virgil* Traveſtied.

STUD.

STUDLEY-PARK.

The Seat of the Hon. JOHN AISLABIE, *Esq*;

ST. *James's Groves* are fam'd in *Waller's* Lays,
And *Denham* verdures *Cooper's Hill* with Bays,
Claremont to *Garth* immortal Beauty owes,
And *Pope* eternal Blooms round *Windsor* throws:
Cou'd I like these adorn each tuneful Line,
Thy Park O! *Studley* shou'd as beauteous shine,
Where Hills, and Dales, the Forest, and the Plain,
With gay Confusion, share the *Sylvan* Reign:
We trace each vary'd Scene with new Surprize,
And see fair Harmony from Discord rise.

What various Views the roving Eye delight?
Here gloomy Shades to solemn Thought invite;
There a perplexing Maze, with Art design'd,
Where thro' the Groves the spiral Allies wind.

Here pictur'd ſoft in poliſh'd Lakes we ſpy,
Inverted Foreſts and a downward Skye.
Here ſmooth Canals in bowry Shades appear,
There the loud Noiſe of falling Floods we hear,
From rocky Summits rolls the headlong Tide,
Whence Fountains riſe or ſtagnant Ponds ſubſide,
Thro' gloomy Grotts the wand'ring Currents ſtray,
And ſpread in Vallies imitate a Sea.
On the ſmooth Surface, Swans majeſtick glide,
And the clear Stream with ſnowy Wave divide.
Dales, once ungrateful and perplex'd with Thorn,
Now fragrant *Myrtle*, and green *Yew* adorn,
Perennial Greens in various Forms appear,
And bloom thro' ev'ry Seaſon of the Year.
Here tender Shoots with feeble Branches climb
And gently circle round the tow'ring *Lime*.
Miſereon, *Jeſſamin*, and *Roſes* there,
With all the Fragance of the youthful Year,
Whoſe grateful *aromatick* Odours riſe,
Sweet as th' ambroſial Air of Paradiſe.
In the deep Shades, or near the bubling Springs,
Her plaintive Song ſad *Philomela* ſings.
'Tis pleaſing here to ſink in eaſy Dreams,
Or roaming muſe among the Woods and Streams;

Or

Or to aſcend the Hill, and feaſt the Eye
With the gay Proſpects which around it lye.
Prolifick Nature ſhines in all her Pride,
And ſpreads her gaudy Pomp on ev'ry ſide,
Not Eaſtern Monarchs on their Nuptial Day,
In dazling Gold and Purple look ſo gay.
Here ſportive Youth at various Seaſons ſet,
For harmleſs Birds the Springes and the Net,
Entrap the Lark, or to the treach'rous Snare
Betray the Footſteps of the tim'rous Hare;
Or bent on open Chace the Fields they try,
The Woods and Hills reſound the ſprightly Cry.
The tim'rous Deer here ready for the Chace,
The cool Retirements of the Foreſt trace,
Whole Herds are wand'ring o'er the verdant Lawns,
And roaming graze, or feed their tender Fawns.
Early the Huntſman winds his ſhrilling Horn,
Proclaiming Sport before the Birth of Morn:
While yet the Stars the abſent Sun ſupply,
Before *Aurora* ſtreaks the Morning Skye.
The Hunters muſter, and the Game purſue,
And mark it's Traces thro' the pearly Dew.
The Dogs ſagacious of the Sport, around
Exulting open, whilſt the Woods reſound.

If to the orient Dawn our Views we turn,
And note the Beauty of the roſie Morn,
The Sun juſt peeping o'er the duſky Hills,
To ſip the Dews and quaff the cryſtal Rills;
We by the Light of his refulgent Eye,
A thouſand blooming Objects round deſcry,
While as he riſes and his Pow'r exerts,
Life, Strength and Beauty he to all imparts.
See, by the purling Streams or ſpreading Lakes
His ſilent Stand the patient Fiſher takes,
The artful Fly, and bending Rod he eyes,
And loads his Baſket with the finny Prize,
Delighted, that Succeſs attends his Wiles,
Whilſt the falſe Bait the tempted Fiſh beguiles.
Thy Pile O! *Wilfrid* fair to View appears,
Rev'rend at once in Structure and in Years,
Whoſe Name the Founder's Name from Death ſecures,
While on firm Baſe like thine his Praiſe endures,
Which, like Religion, ſeems not thro' a Length
Of Ages, injur'd, but confirm'd in Strength.
There RIPPON's goodly Town ſalutes our Eyes,
Where Domes and Tow'rs in pleas'd Confuſion riſe.

Refreſh'd

Refreſh'd with Streams, and the ſoft Weſtern Breeze
That fans thy Fields, and waves the ruſtling Trees.
If from the *Eaſtern* Views we turn our Eyes,
To Proſpects bending to the *Weſtern* Skies,
There *Michael*'s Mount is eminently ſeen,
Whoſe Summit ſmiles with everlaſting Green.
See *Fountain's-Abbey* in yon Vale appear
So nam'd from Springs which flow eternal there.
This venerable Pile, with drooping Head,
Abandon'd and forlorn, in Ruins laid,
Mourns deſolate; Where Anthems once were ſung,
Now Heaps of Rubbiſh the Appartments throng,
Up roofleſs Walls the clinging Ivy creep,
Where num'rous Birds of Prey in Safety ſleep,
Or find in dreary Caves obſcure Retreats,
And brood on Rapine in their gloomy Seats,
Long Iſles are ſpread with craggy Ruins o'er
And hollow Winds thro' empty Caverns roar,
The Beaſts impure to gloomy Vaults retire,
And the Trees whiſtling Muſick fills the Choir,
Oh! happy he, and amply bleſt by Fate,
Who free from noiſy Buſineſs and Debate,
The Height of Greatneſs modeſtly declines,
And all his Wiſhes to theſe Shades confines,

Whoſe

Whoſe Thoughts the Charms of various Nature fire,
Whom Quiet pleaſes, and whom Arts inſpire.
Thus would I, calm, the rural Life enjoy,
Nor ſhould Affairs of State my Peace annoy;
Bleſt in Retreat, content I'd paſs my Days,
Remote from Envy, and unknown to Praiſe.

THE *SEA-ADVENTURE.*

A TALE.

I.

F no feign'd Pow'rs, in fictious Lays,
I count the Deeds, or chaunt the Praiſe;
Blue *Thetis* or fam'd *Nereus'* Throng,
Nor of the fabled King of Floods
Green *Proteus*, and a Race of Goods——
Florio and *Leſbia* claim my Song.

II.

II.

Florio the gay, and *Leſbia* fair
In *Hymen* joyn'd, the happieſt Pair,
Both noble, both by Choice allied;
One Morn, at diſtance from the Train,
Deſign'd to bath amid the Main,
That laves ſteep *Scarb'rough*'s hilly Side.

III.

The Pair were for th' Adventure dreſt,
Each wore a light enfolding Veſt,
(The decent Habit of the Place)
The Boat was call'd, the nimble Oars,
Soon waft 'em from the leſs'ning Shores,
And reach the widening Ocean's Space.

IV.

The Lover plunges in the Tide,
And ſtrait invites the timorous Bride,
To venture on the ſmiling Flood;
Her Promiſe claims to meet him there,
And Vows with tutelary Care,
To bear her like a guardian God.

V.

His powerful Lure, her Fears ſuppreſt,
New Courage animates her Breaſt,
She haſtes to grant the Bliſs he craves;
Attempted oft', as oft' delay'd,
Till boldly ſhe the Leap eſſay'd,
And ſprings among the claſping Waves.

VI.

The Peer, of Humour ever gay:
In Frolick, ſeem'd to launch away;
(Meer Feint to raiſe her ſhort ſurprize,)
Amaz'd ſhe pleads with reaching Arms;
Her Tongue, to ſave her ſinking Charms,
Cou'd only murmur —— *Leſbia* dies.

VII.

Eager he darts with timely aid,
(Like *Perſeus* when the deſtin'd Maid
Stood trembling in the Monſter's Pow'r;)
Where was your boaſted Truſt, he cries,
My Life? —— then claſp'd the lovely Prize,
And ſav'd her from the threaten'd Hour.

VIII.

VIII.

Safe, ſporting on the briny Lymph,
He proudly bore the reſcued Nymph,
No more chill Dread her Breaſt diſmays;
Now —— to his faithful Arms remov'd,
Each Day more lovely, more belov'd,
Her kind Deliverer ſhe repays.

On a Flower, which fell from Miſs D--rc--y's *Boſom in the Long Room.*

I.

SWeet Flow'r, whence is this Hue,
Which does all Hues excel?
Whence all this Grace in you?
Whence all this fragrant Smell?

II.

You grew in *Paſtan*'s Field,
Where Natures Bounties meet:—
—— But Nature ne'er cou'd yield
A Flower half ſo ſweet.

III.

O has the Queen of Love,
While her *Adonis* bled,
With Blood to dye you ſtrove,
Which gives this lovely Red?

IV.

No—No—Thou happy Flower,
The nobler Cauſe I've miſt;
On *D--rc--s* Breaſt you bore,
And *D--rc--s* Lips you kiſt.

To Miſs E----- *by Mr.* H----lle.

I.

TRanſporting Joy,
That ne'er will cloy
Sybilla can diſpenſe,
At once inſpire
Each ſoft Deſire,
And feaſt each greedy Senſe.

II.

Freedom and Eaſe
Which highly pleaſe,
In her Behaviour ſhine,

Deſpiſing Arts,
She conquers Hearts,
And wounds without Deſign.

III.

Whene'er ſhe moves
Who ſees her Loves,
So tempting is her Mien;
And from her Eyes
Such Lightning flies
As proves her Beauty's Queen.

IV.

Carnation true,
Of fineſt Hue,
Her charming Lips diſcloſe;
Whilſt in their Bloom,
Her Cheeks aſſume
The Lilly and the Roſe.

V.

We every Grace,
Of Shape and Face
In her united find,
Whilſt Temper ſweet,
And Wit diſcreet
Embelliſhes her Mind.

To

To Miſs F---- D--g, *who aſk'd what is Love.* *By Mr.* Greenaway.

IS ſomewhat, that exiſts within,
By Pedants conſtrued into Sin;
A ſubtle Particle of Fire,
Which Heaven did with our Souls inſpire;
Of ſuch a mix'd and doubtful Kind,
It pleaſes whilſt it racks the Mind;
In Lightning through our Eyes it breaks;
In Bluſhes glows upon our Cheeks;
Pants in the Breaſt, dilates the Heart:
And ſpreads it's Power through every Part;
We feel it throb at every Kiſs;
Yet know not why, nor what it is.

Cupid, a Tyrant, found out.

E Nymphs of *Scarborough*, if as you ſtray,
Ye find the froth-born * Goddeſs of the Sea,

All

All blubber'd, pale, and crying ſhe's undone,
Seeking the little Vagabond † her Son;
Ah! kindly bid her give her Sorrows o'er,
For to redeem him now is in her Power;
If ought to him that finds him ſhe'll impart,
Tell her the Rover lodges in my Heart.

* *Venus.* † *Cupid.*

An EPILOGUE *Spoken by Miſs* Copen, *at the Play-Houſe at* Scarborough.

HOW ſilly 'tis, for one not yet full ten
To think, ſo young, that ſhe ſhould pleaſe you Men;
Ye cannot taſte, what *ſuch a Creature* ſpeaks,
--- Wou'd I were *ſeven* Years older for *your* ſakes,
Two Handfuls taller, --- a plump pretty Laſs,
Then, --- I doubt not, my Epilogue wou'd paſs ---
But as I am --- for your Applauſe I ſue,
Pray, ſpare me, for the Good that I *may* do.

Gal-

Gallants!---I better ſhall perform e'er long,
Deſpiſe not a poor Thing, becauſe ſhe's young,
Twiggs may be bent --- Trees are too ſtubborn grown,
And Roſe-buds are as ſweet as Roſes blown.

In *China*, as I often have been told,
The Women marry at *eleven Years* old,
Our Play-Houſe is a Sort of *China* too,
And nothing like the Stage to make me grow;
Tho' not the Pow'r, I have the Will to pleaſe,
And *Will*'s a mighty Thing in ſuch a Caſe.
We, on this fruitful Soil, have Women ſeen,
That, *in few Months are grown* AS BIG AGEN.
Oh! Gemini! What ſhou'd be the Cauſe of that?
I wonder what they eat, they grow ſo fat---
We young ones *know not* what the Secret is,
Yet, for all that, we have a *plaguy Gueſs*.

And I beginning now to chatter Senſe,
Encourag'd may divert ſome few Years hence.
Then,--- thus to Y'all I make my fond Addreſs,
Excuſe my Faults, accept my Will to pleaſe,
Elſe! --- May ye loſe your Loves by being thrifty,
---- And ne'er kiſs Woman --- under nine and fifty.

FINIS.

The CALF-CRIB. A Tale.

A general Caſe.

ROGER, a Knight of good Eſtate,
Of comely Perſon, graceful Gate,
As once he by the Altar ſtood,
Was thus o'erheard to pray aloud:
Send me, ye Pow'rs Divine, e'er long
A Wife, rich, beautiful, and young.
The *Gods*, according to his Mind,
To grant his Pray'r were well inclin'd:
To *London* Town away he hies,
And there his Heart's deſire eſpies;
The Marriage Articles were fram'd,
A ſpeedy Day for Wedding nam'd,
And join'd they were with Hearts and Hands
In holy matrimonial Bands.
Some Years, the Story ſays, they ſpent
In mutual Solace and Content;
Uninterrupted, uninfring'd,
Their Love with Jealouſy unting'd;

He view'd Her with a Lover's Eye,
She always pleas'd when he was nigh,
Whate'er he did by Day was right,
Much better what he did by Night.
But mark how frail is human Joy!
The ſweeteſt Sweet-meats ſooneſt Cloy.
Our Knight at length was weary grown
Of what he call'd each Hour his own,
He often miſs'd the Night's Careſſing,
Left her i'th' Morn without the Bleſſing;
Would not ſo much as give a Nooning,
No — not to ſave her Soul from ſwooning.
All Day was ſullen and moroſe,
That once was merry and jocoſe.

The patient *Dame*, if Fame ſay true,
(And Fame, of her, Ill ne'er yet knew)
A long Time bore his great neglect,
And ſhew'd him wonted kind Reſpect.
At laſt weak Woman did break forth,
Complaining of her ſlighted Worth.

My deareſt Knight, I can't forbear
To pour my Grief into your Ear:

You

You are become of late unkind,
To your chaſte Wife quite diſinclin'd,
Your fiery, fierce, impetuous Paſſion,
Has long forgot its former Faſhion.
How can you, *Dear*, me thus miſuſe?
Me, who did ne'er your Will refuſe?
Who ne'er aſk'd more than you could give,
(Nor ever will, whilſt I ſhall live)
But kindly took what kindly came,
Like every other honeſt Dame.

In earneſt, thus reply'd *the Knight*,
I own you yet have Charms t'excite
The moſt depraved Appetite.
Your Eyes can dart ſo ſweet a Glance,
As would a very Saint intrance;
You've roſy Cheeks and ruby Lips,
Protub'rant Breaſts and ſwelling Hips.
Legs, like any Arrow, ſtreight,
Thighs, like *Parian* marble, white,
And ev'ry Thing that can inſpire
The Heart with Love and fierce Deſire:
But to ſpeak Truth, my Fancy's pall'd
With that ſame Thing, that *Wife* is call'd;

My Inclinations long to try
What Pleaſure's in Variety:
Variety, as *Poets* ſay,
(And to their Yes, who'll give a Nay?)
Variety's the Life of Love,
Variety's the Life of *Jove:*
I ſay again, I've Wife enough,
I'm weary of domeſtick Stuff——
So, out *the Knight* went in a Huff.

And, heedleſs where he bent his way,
Amongſt his Cows he chanc'd to ſtray,
Where buxom *Doll* a milking went,
A lucky Hit for his Intent;
And there he found her doing that,
Which makes Maids think of what is what;
Her ruſtick Hands alternate rove
From Pap to Pap, fit Food for Love;
As out the white Contents ſhe preſs'd,
The Knight obſerv'd her heaving Breaſt,
From whence arch *Cupid* ſhot a Dart,
That quite transfix'd him through the Heart.

Then

Then thus began —— Tell me, dear *Doll*,
Did you yet ever Milk the Bull?
Lord Sir, you make me quite aſham'd,
I ne'er heard ſuch a thing yet nam'd,
He has no Paps —— no Milk can give,
Of which I'm ſure, as that I live,
You're Ignorant, the *Knight* reply'd,
When looking round about, he ſpy'd
At hand a CALF-CRIB, which confin'd
A young One of the leaping kind;
Into't he drew her *nolens volens*,
Tho' well I ween he found her, *volens*.
Lord, Sir, what mean you by all this?
My Lady'll take it much amiſs ——
Huſh! here's the Pap, in both Hands take it
And let me feel how well you'll ——make it—
It is ſo Dark that I ſhall ſpill—
Direct it right, your Pail he'll fill.

At that----the reſt was done in Silence----
Then up roſe *Doll* and to *the Knight*,
In Words like theſe confeſs'd out-right,

All

All Folk allow *Cow's Milk is ſweet,*
But *Bull's Milk is for Maids moſt meet,*
I ne'er did *Milk the Bull* before,
If he like *Brindle* had Paps four,
I never would milk *Brindle* more.

To Miſs F----- D--lſt--n.

SAY, lovely Creature, whence thoſe Sighs;
Whence all that Deadneſs in your Eyes?
Where is the Roſe that did adorn
Your Cheeks more blooming than the Morn?
Your Lips than Coral were more red,
Oh! whither is their Colour fled?
Why ſit you penſively alone,
And like a mateleſs Turtle moan?
Some abſent Youth your Mind employs
In Fancies of untaſted Joys:
Yes, yes, I've found the Cauſe, I'm ſure,
And *Melliſh* muſt perform the Cure,

I've

I've oft obſerv'd amidſt the Croud
How thick your amorous Glances flow'd;
His Heart with equal Wiſhes glow'd:
Then take the pretty ſmiling Youth,
Full of good Nature, full of Truth;
Inflame his Soul with all your Charms,
Entwine him in your ſnowy Arms,
Preſs him with ardour to your Breaſt,
Then you like *Venus* ſhall be bleſt,
Pour on his Lips the balmy Kiſs,
He trebly will repay the Bliſs.

HOR. *Ode* XXX. *Lib.* I.

O *Venus!* Queen of ſoft Delight,
Thy *Paphian Iſle* a Moment ſlight,
And viſit faireſt * *Ann*'s abode,
A thouſand Altars ſhe has rear'd,
A thouſand Hearts for thee prepar'd.

Let all the Graces on Thee wait,
And the Nymphs increaſe thy State,
With the Love-ſport-making God,
Bring ſmiling Mirth, and youthful Heat,
Then ſhe ſhall taſte of Bliſs compleat.

* STONEHOUSE.

An EPIGRAM.

AS *Ned* and *T*----
Together ſat,
Says *Ned*, We two are Brothers,
Quoth *T*---- how ſo?
Why all Men know,---
Our Wives are kiſs'd by others.

On reading in the News Papers, that ſeveral Perſons *of Diſtinction now living and in Health, died laſt Seaſon at* Scarborough.

OLD *Bath* grown jealous of her *Rival*'s Fame,
Attempts by falſe Reports to blaſt her Name,
Iv'e late with Numbers met whom *Bath* atteſted,
Grim Serjeant *Death* at *Scarborough* had arreſted,
Such Lies have been her cuſtomary Crime,
They're not the FISRT *ſhe's kill'd before their Time.*

To

To FLORELIA, *upon ſeeing her in a Riding Habit, at* Scarborough.

I.

WHEN *Jove* of old intriguing came
To Nymphs of Mortal Race,
He fell in Love with ev'ry Dame,
That own'd a pretty Face.

II.

His Godſhip did in various [a] Shapes,
At various Times appear;
Not to conceal his frequent Rapes
From jealous *Juno*'s Ear;

III.

But leſt unveil'd Divinity
Should the Deſtruction prove
Of all the Beauteous Nymphs, whom he
Did paſſionately Love.

IV.

Juſt ſo *Florelia*, thus attir'd,
Does not propoſe to be,
By gazing Crowds, the more admir'd;
But to hide the Deity.

Upon ſeeing Miſs B----- *in the ſame Habit.*

I.

FOrſake, *Dear Nymph*, this awkward Dreſs;
For who in Prudence can
Diveſt the loveliеſt Goddeſs,
T' aſſume the *mimic* Man.

[a] ——— propriam variâſſe Figuram
Nunc Serpens, nunc *Taurus*, erat, nunc Cygnus & *Arbos*.

II.

The Rival Ladies out of Spight,
Or Envy, ſoon will ſay
The Perſon is Hermaphrodite,
That's ſeen in ſuch array.

III.

Wou'd you the *Human* Image bear?
Let me, my Fair, adviſe,
Hence forward be no more ſevere
To your fond Votaries.

We think an Excuſe unneceſſary for inſerting the following Verſes, tho' they were produced in a different Scene.

Verſes writ with a Pencil, and ſent to Lady **** *while ſhe was Bathing at* BATH.

Flumine dum meditor Flammas extinguere; Flumen
Fervet, & in medio Flumine Flamma *fui.* Autogr.

I.

THE Cauſe, which makes theſe Waters hot;
The Cauſe--my *Celia*, in vain is ſought
In Sulphur, or Chalybeate,
Or other principle Innate;

II.

'Tis only now; th' [a] *uxorious* Wave
Does your divine Perfections [b] view,
That he does [c] *ſwell*—does [c] *pant*—does [c] *heave*,
Does *own* his [d] *Flame* and *Wonder* too.

[a] Uxorius Amnis. *Hor.*
[b] Paſcit Amore avidos *Inhians* in te Dea viſus. *Lucr.*
[c] Et ſemel atque iterum ſuper ILLAM palpitat,—— *Juv.*
——turgeſcit in Arbore Ramus,
Exſerit è tepidâ grande Cacumen *Aquâ*. *Ovid.*
[d] ——Unde eſt Ardoris Origo. *Lucr.*

III.

III.

'Tis only now; th' *officious* Wave
Does *own* his *Flame* and *Wonder* too;
Does *ſwell*—does *pant*—does *groan*, does *heave*,
Whilſt happy in [e] *careſſing* You.

IV.

How can the World, conſiſtently,
At once, your *Coldneſs* blame;
And *own* the *Luſtre* of your Eye,
Has ſet the World on Flame?

V.

I'll as ſoon grant, that *Midas'* Touch
Tranſmuted ev'ry thing to Gold;
As credit thoſe, who idly vouch,
The Nymph who *does* theſe *Feats*——is *Cold.*

[e] adſigunt Avidè corpus—— *Idem.*
uſque adeo cupidè *Veneris* compagibus hærent. *Idem.*
——*Veneris* ſudorem Exercita potat. *Idem.*
Quod petiêre premunt arctè, junguntque Salivam *Idem.*
Oris,——
——Tunc mens mihi perdita fingit,
Quiſve *Meam* teneat, quot teneatve *Modis.* *Tibullus.*
Tu tamen & lœvi *Rimoſa* Cubilia Limo
Unge fovens circum—— *Virg.*
—— MUSA JOCOSA MIHI.

FINIS.

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